

"A SHARPSHOOTER ON PICKET DUTY" sights along his rifle from a perch in a tree, watching for enemy movement. Sharpshooters were picked men, usually armed with excellent rifles.

Bivouac boredom in the days of the Blue and the Gray

As Winslow Homer portrayed it, the Civil War, like most wars, was composed 10 per cent of battles and 90 per cent of boredom. The grinding monotony of picket duty was merely a break in the even greater monotony of camp life. Even soldiers facing the enemy in the long build-up before a battle often found time hanging heavy. At such times the only ones who did much fighting were the members of an occasional patrol and the ubiquitous snipers, who were a constant hazard to both sides in an era when many a farm boy was able to hit a squirrel in the eye at 100 yards.

Sometimes the patrols would enliven things in camp by bringing back a bag of prisoners. Sometimes there would be a review or perhaps a laborious shifting of a campsite to a better spot a few miles away. But mostly there was waiting. For some men any kind of excitement was preferable to doing nothing, and they often took foolhardy chances to stir things up (*lower right*).







"*In Front of Yorktown*," waiting for the month-long siege of 1862 to end, bored, hungry, homesick Federal soldiers gather around a campfire.



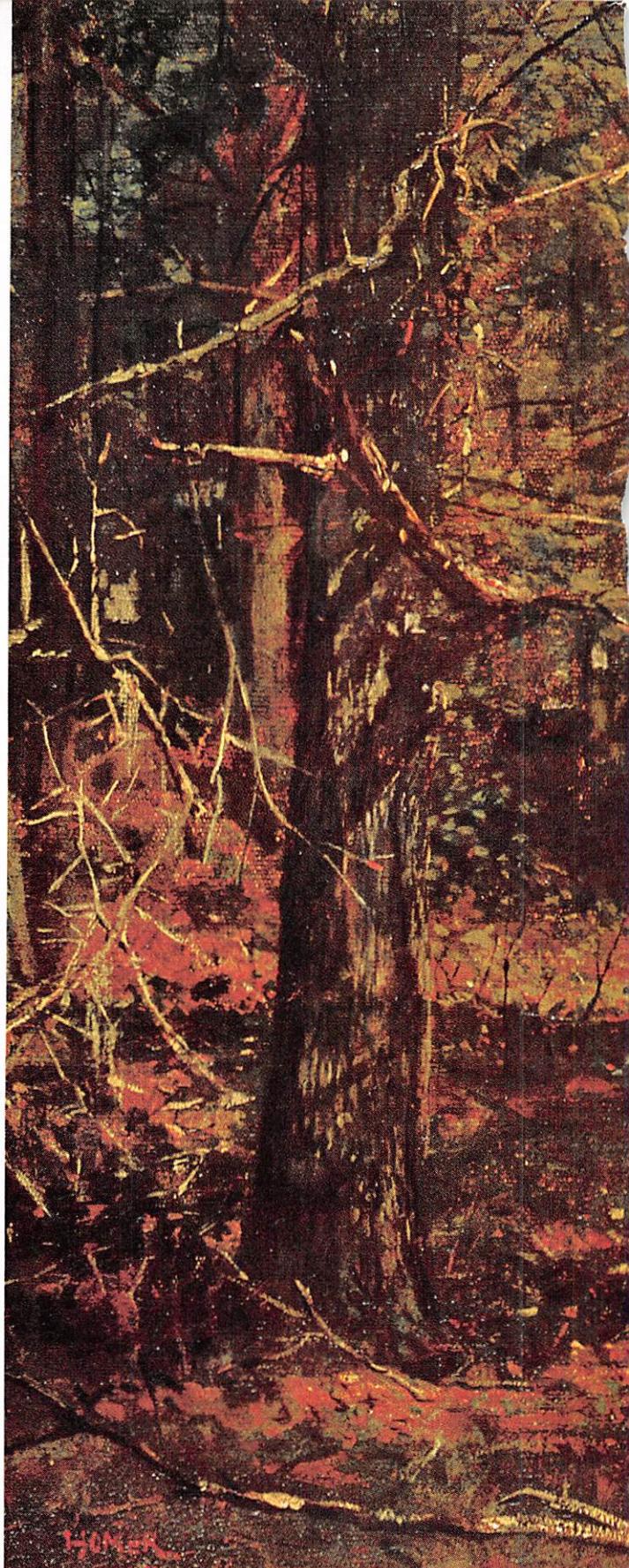
"*DARING THE ENEMY*" in a senseless challenge prompted by a combination of bravado and frustration, an infantryman shouts defiance at Confederates from atop Union battlements.

"*PRISONERS FROM THE FRONT*," three ragged rebels stand in attitudes of affected casualness, apprehension and studied defiance before a young, well-groomed officer of the Union army. This canvas, which was first exhibited in the spring of 1866, created a sensation and launched Homer as a serious painter.

The horrors of fierce combat and primitive medicine

THE Civil War was the most terrible that Americans have ever fought. The casualties were appalling—nearly one out of every four men in service died of disease, wounds or other causes. During much of the war 18th Century tactics contended against modern weapons, and often in dense woodland. The result was unparalleled horror. Infantrymen often advanced shoulder to shoulder, Napoleonic-style, into a butchering fire from accurate new rifled muskets, or found themselves pinned down in a wild tangle by an invisible foe.

For the soldiers of both North and South the horror of combat was compounded by the knowledge that there was no such thing as a simple wound. In an era of primitive medicine every battle injury had to be considered serious—fatal at worst, often maiming at best.



"FROM RICHMOND": two soldiers returning from the front display wounds they received in the fighting around the Rebel capital. Almost 50 per cent of all the Civil War wounded died.



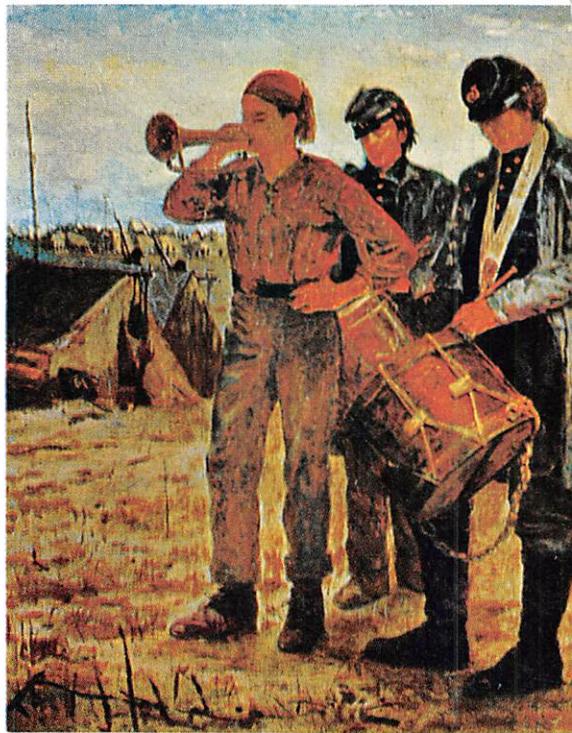
"A SKIRMISH IN THE WILDERNESS" pits a squad of Northerners against an unseen enemy. Homer's canvas at first appears to be simply a forest scene, and thus magnificently conveys the

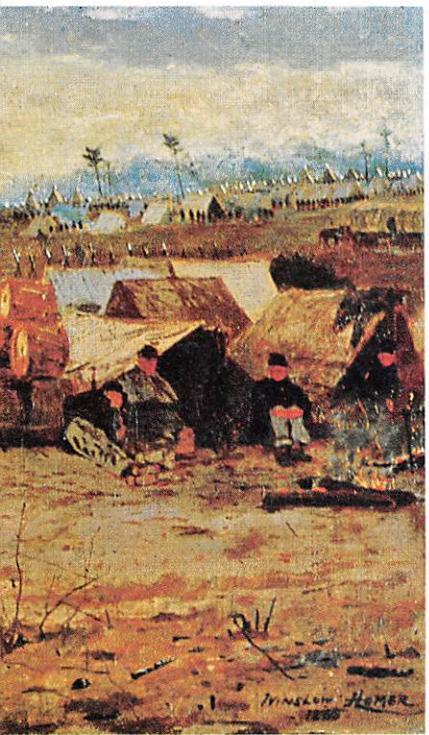
atmosphere of dense woods in which this fierce encounter was fought near Fredericksburg, Virginia, in May 1864. In two days at the Wilderness the Union lost 18,000 dead and wounded.

Housekeeping problems for men in the camps

ALTHOUGH commanders on both sides tried to impose some order on armies in bivouac, it was usually a losing fight. Neat tent rows soon fell prey to soldier idiosyncrasies. Some men slept on the ground under canvas shelter halves. Others built log walls and used the canvas for a roof. Conical Sibley tents held 12 soldiers sleeping closely packed with their feet toward the center. And when an army really settled in for a long stay, soldiers built luxurious log huts, each boasting a fireplace with a barrel chimney.

In these encampments soldiers played, wrote letters and tried to improve their food—if they had a chance amid their numerous duties. Reveille ushered in a day which might include eight hours of drilling, five roll calls and a dress parade. Soldiers and generals alike were trying to cope with the same problem: troops not engaged in killing the enemy had to find a way of killing time.





"REVEILLE," played by a bugler and two drummers, finds a few soldiers already awake around a fire while others come streaming from their tents for morning roll call.



"PITCHING HORSESHOES" depicts gaudy soldiers at a listless game. The canopy of boughs served as a protection from the hot sun—soldiers wore wool all year long.

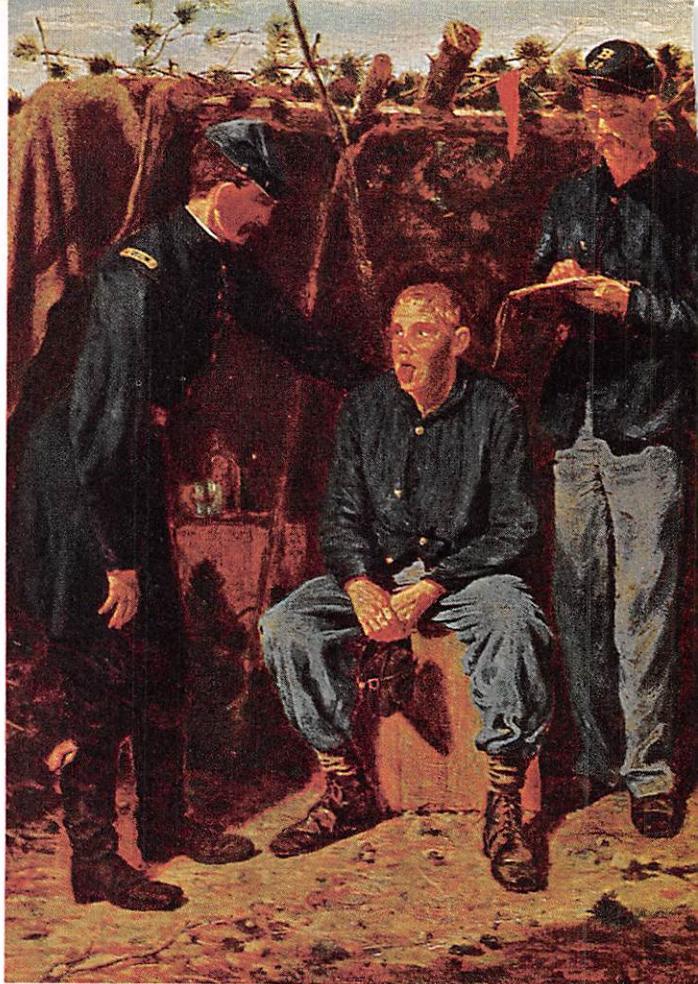


"HOME SWEET HOME" is the ironic title of this painting. Besides the shelter halves in the foreground Homer's picture shows distant log-walled dwellings and a Sibley tent.

"LAST GOOSE AT YORKTOWN" is the quarry of two hungry Federal soldiers. Barrel chimneys like that on the log hut often caught fire—much to the merriment of the neighbors.

The swift, hazardous route from rookie to veteran

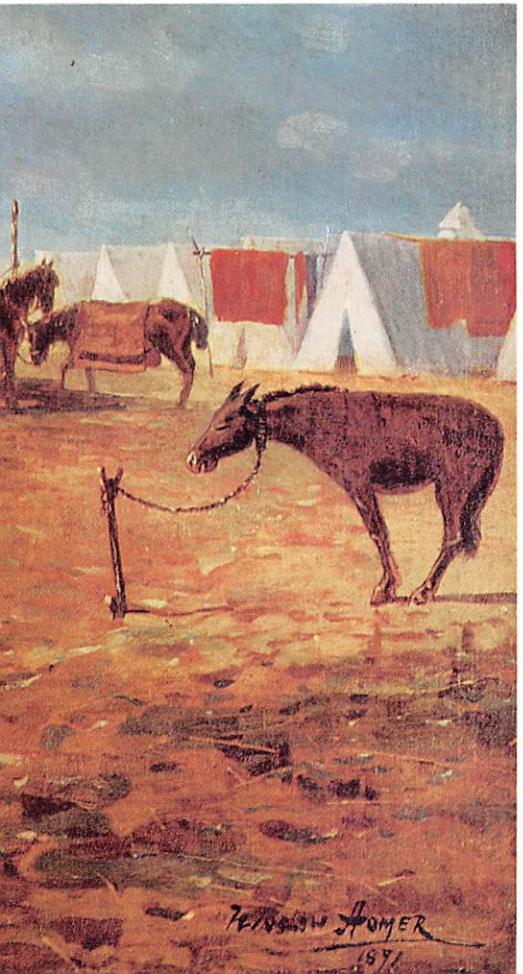
IN this war of civilians, the transition from shapeless recruit (*opposite page*) to hard-bitten veteran (*below*) was often a rapid one. In most cases the process depended less on training than it did on experience. The new soldier learned by sleeping on the ground, by going hungry, by scrounging for firewood among a farmer's fence posts, and most of all by smelling gunpowder. Once a man had been under fire (or had "seen the elephant," in the idiom of the time) he lost the fresh-faced naiveté of the recruit—and along with it much of his former belief in his own invincibility. What he did not learn from battle he picked up from his colleagues in arms—not only how to do his work properly, but how to escape it entirely (*right*). In the end, by some mysterious process, whether he was a Yank or a Reb he emerged, as one general said of his own men, a soldier of "invincible fighting courage and stamina, worthy of a great . . . nation."



"PLAYING OLD SOLDIER," Civil War terminology for gold-bricking, a soldier sticks out his tongue for the doctor. Real sickness was all too common; 220,000 men died of disease in the Union army alone.

"YOUNG UNIONIST," or a "fresh fish" as oldtimers called them, stands uncomfortably in an overcoat several sizes too big. At least 10,000 boys from 13 to 17 saw service; one went into battle at age nine.

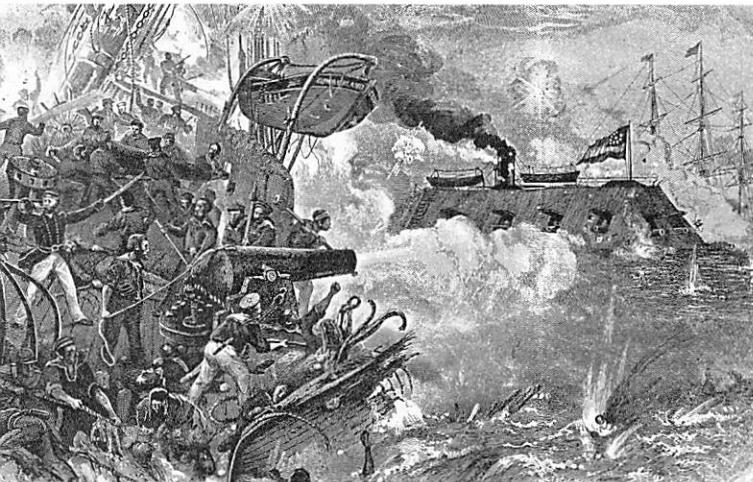
"RAINY DAY IN CAMP" finds five cavalrymen warming themselves at a cooking fire. The men often prepared their own food—usually about a pound of salt pork plus some hardtack, boiled to kill the weevils.







Baptism in battle for seagoing monsters of metal

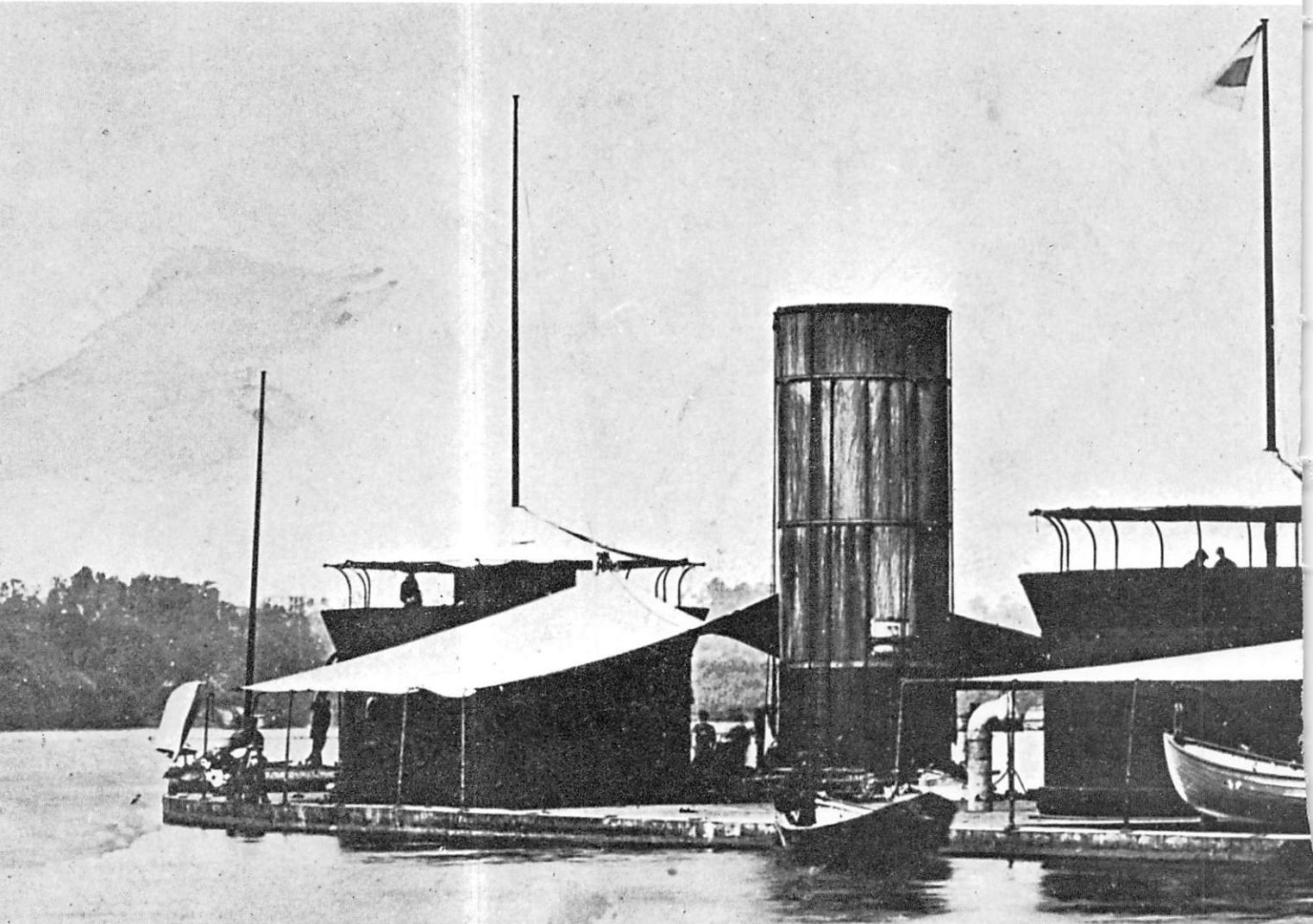


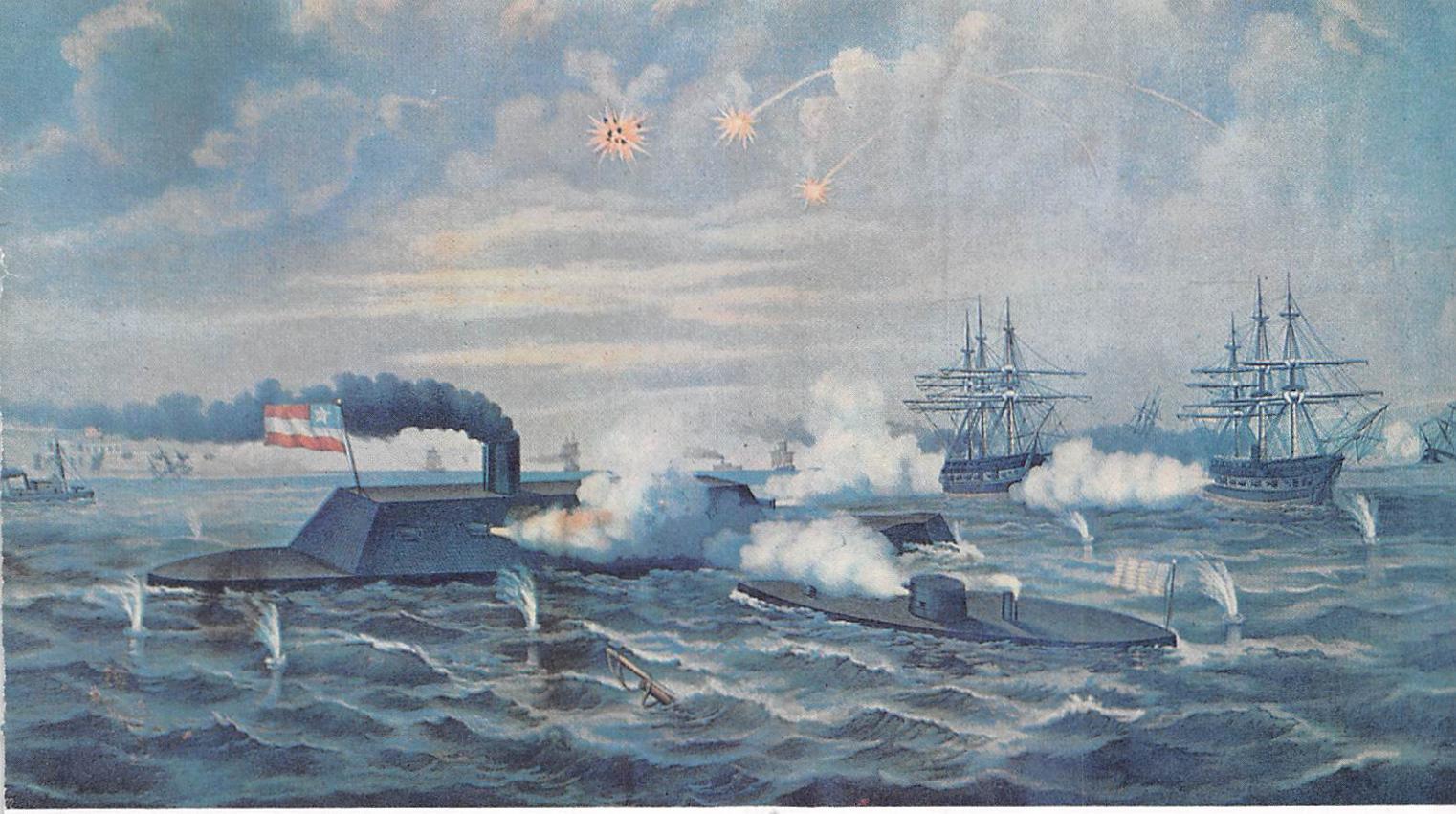
WOODEN VICTIM of an ironclad, U.S.S. *Cumberland* (left) is sunk by the *Merrimack*. The victor was a former Union ship, renamed *Virginia* by the South but remembered by her original name.

THOUGH the French had launched the first ironclad warship in 1859 and the Union navy ultimately had scores of them, it was the South that put seagoing armor to the first test. At the start of the war the Confederates armored a floating battery at Fort Sumter and later fitted out a ship with an ironclad spear, called a ram, that pierced the U.S.S. *Richmond* on the Mississippi.

Then, on March 8, 1862, the Rebels sent into action the historic *Merrimack*—first ironclad to do battle. Day and night, 1,500 workers had labored to armor the massive, wheezing monster with flattened railroad tracks. In her first spectacular day of action she put three U.S. ships out of action in Hampton Roads.

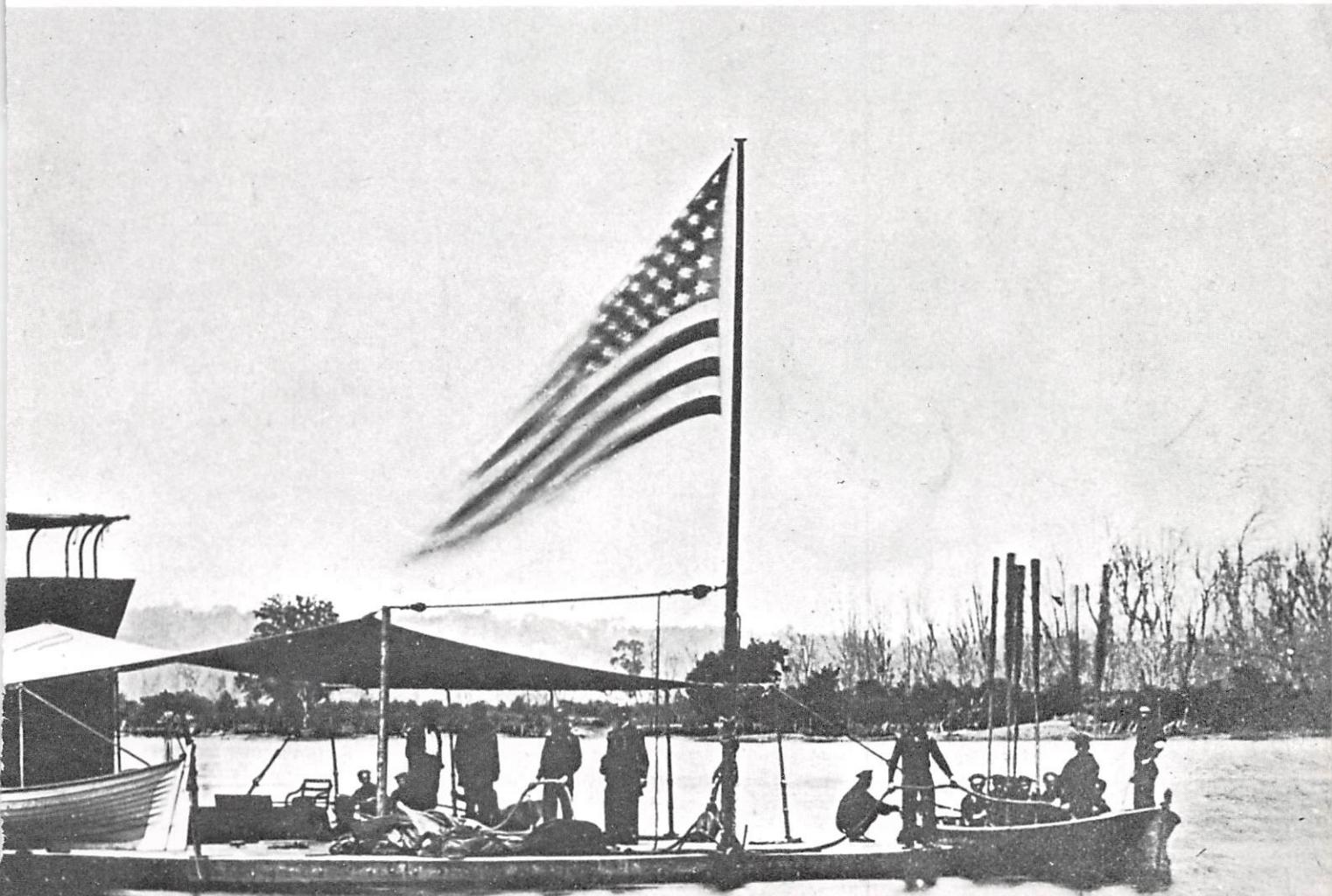
But her triumph was short-lived. The very next day she met the Union's first ironclad, the tiny *Monitor*, and was held to a standstill. The *Monitor* introduced the revolving gun turret, though designer John Ericsson claimed no originality. "I believe it was known among the Greeks," he said. Though indecisive, the *Merrimack-Monitor* fight tolled the death knell of wooden warships.

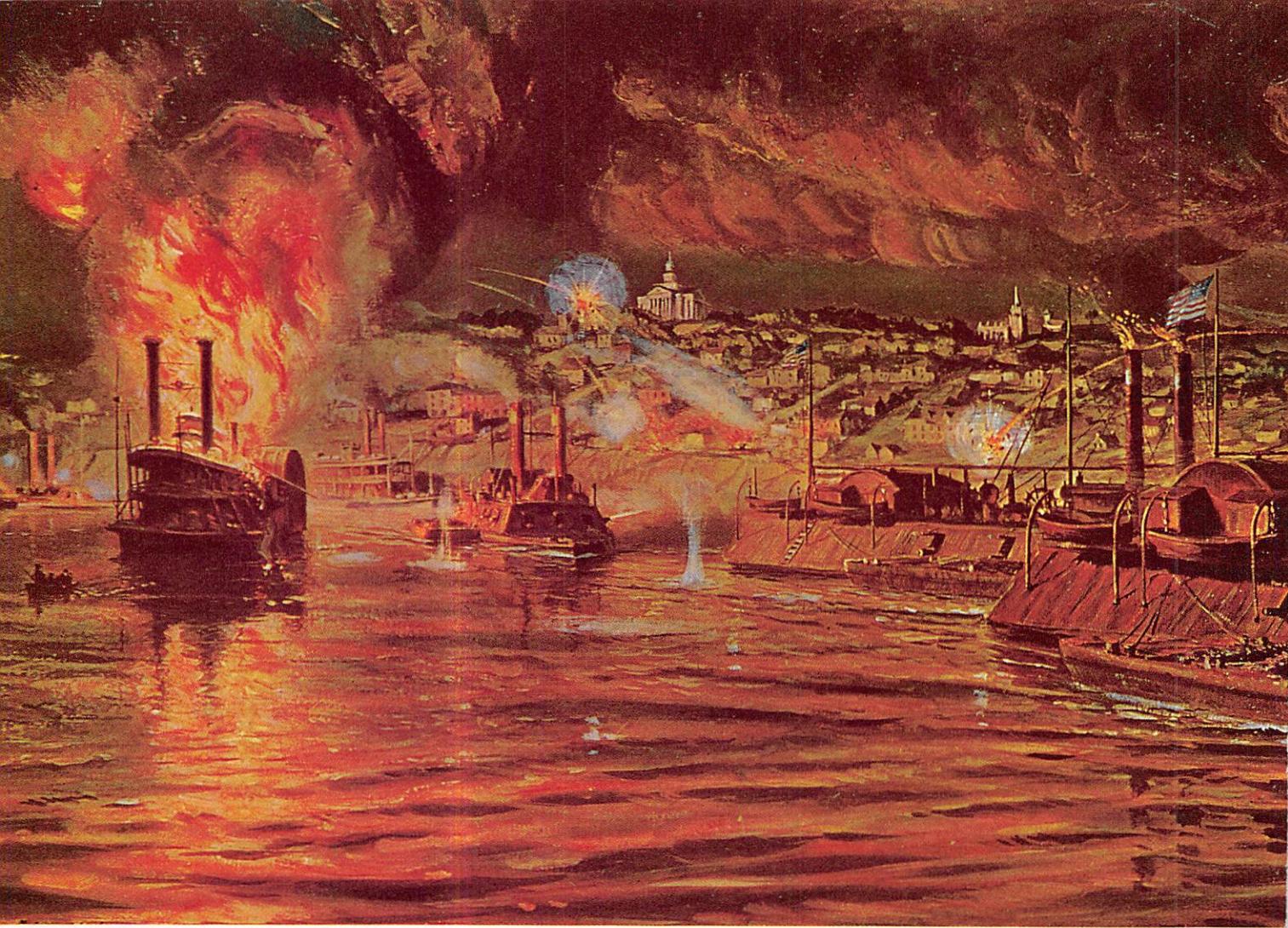




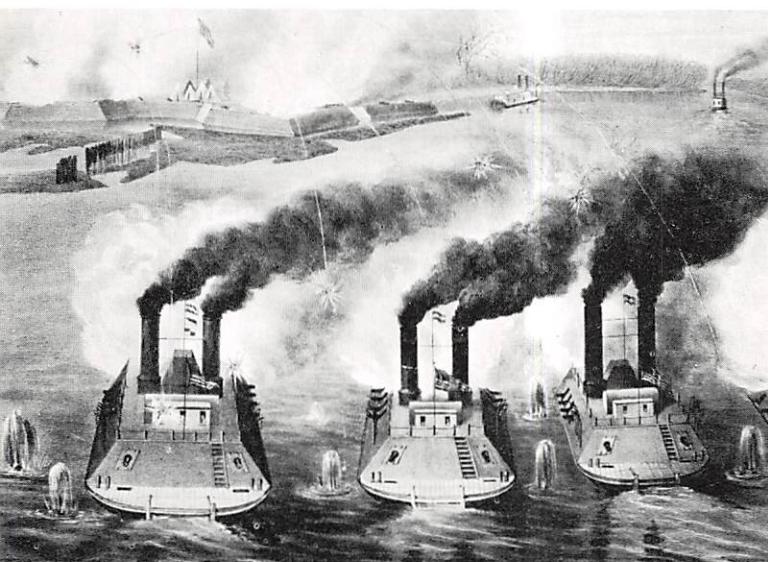
A CLASH OF IRONCLADS results in a standoff as the *Monitor* (foreground) engages the *Merrimack* at close range. The Rebel vessel, unable to bring all its guns to bear, finally withdrew.

TWIN TURRETS of the *Onondaga* (below) exemplify the refinements of the Union monitors constructed after the success of the original *Monitor*. This late-comer saw action in mid-1864.





Porter's fleet sails past Vicksburg to join Grant, losing but one ship, the "Henry Clay" (left). The admiral risked the nocturnal passage as

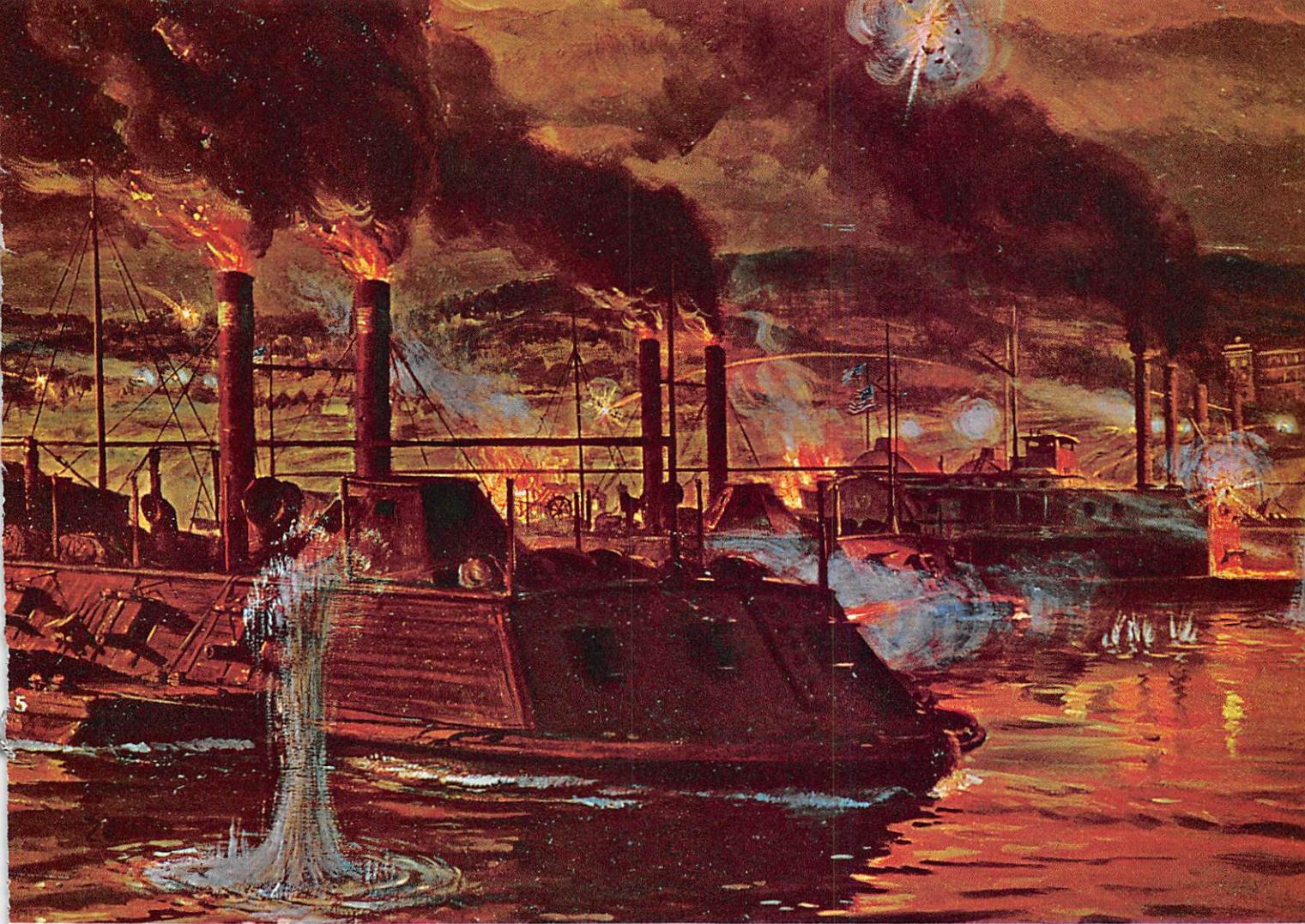


HELPED BY HIGH WATER, three Union gunboats shell Fort Henry on the Tennessee River. Heavy rains flooded the fort but they also hampered Grant's army, which became mired.

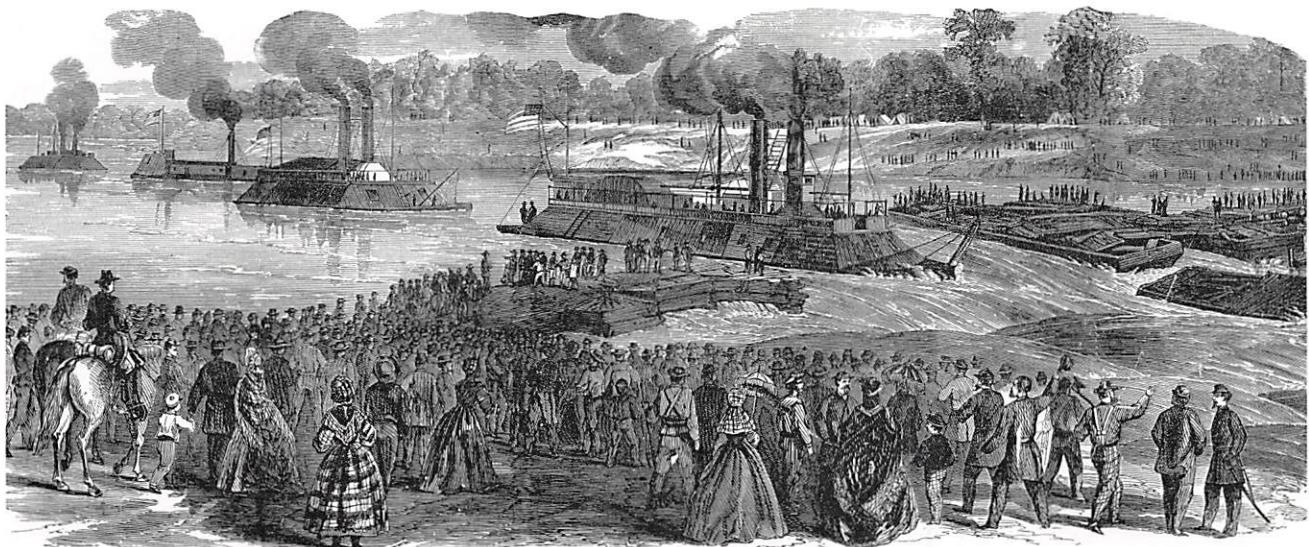
Union teamwork on the rivers of the South

THE river warfare conducted by the North offered, at its best, an unparalleled example of interservice co-operation. One of its chief beneficiaries was General U. S. Grant. Federal gunboats under him captured Fort Henry on the Tennessee River early in 1862; 18 months later, naval support enabled him to seize the war's greatest single prize: control of the Mississippi.

The key to the Mississippi was the city of Vicksburg. Grant's army moved south of the city and across from it. Now he required naval transport across the river—but Admiral David Porter's ships were above the city. Porter snaked his fleet down the river through a gantlet of Confederate fire, ferried Grant across, and then turned his guns on Rebel fortifications. Vicksburg fell on July 4. But some months later, when Porter tried to combine forces with the ineffectual politician-general Nathaniel Banks on the Red River, near disaster resulted.

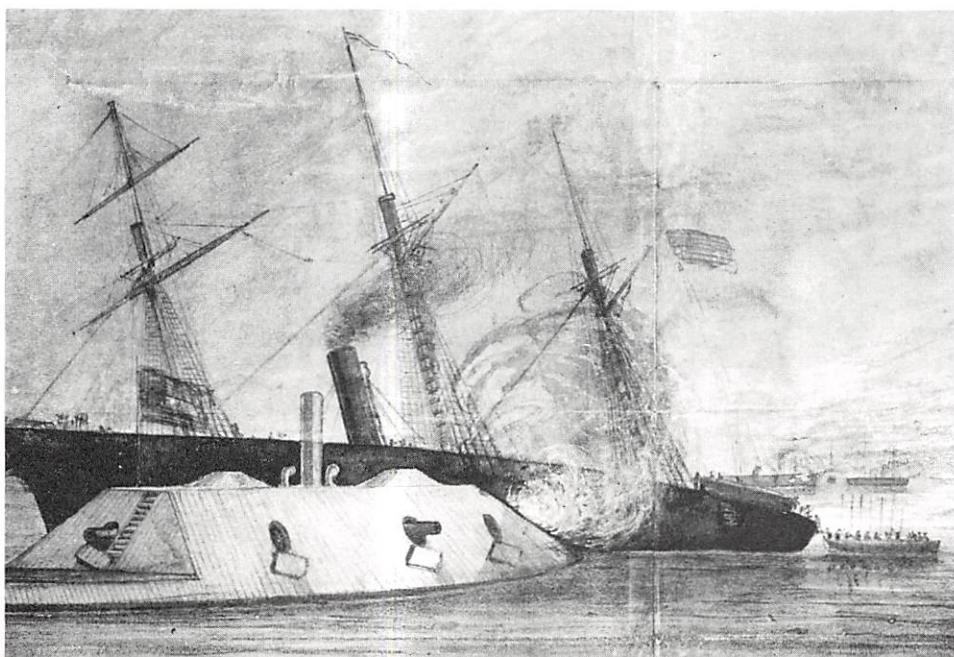
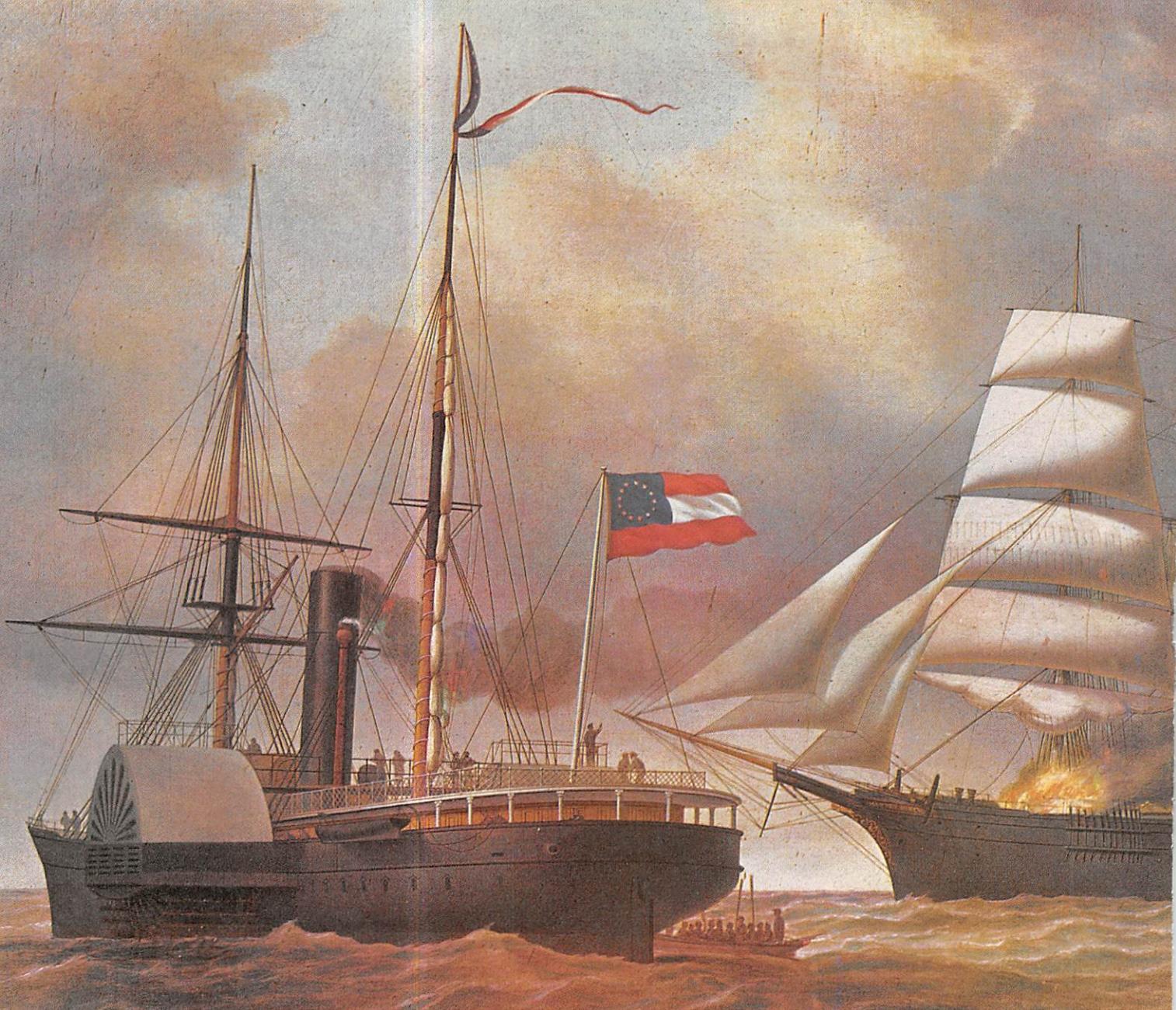


Vicksburg citizens were attending a ball, but Confederate gunners detected the fleet and set buildings afire to illuminate their targets.



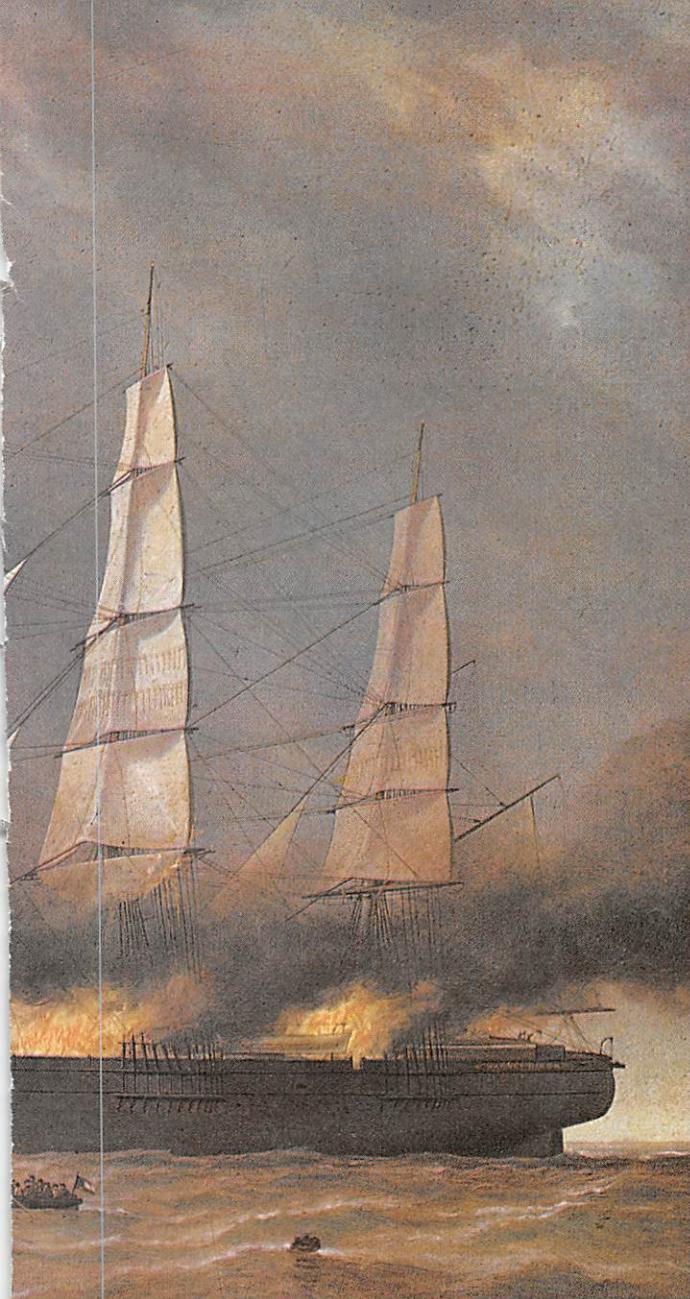
HINDERED BY LOW WATER, Porter's fleet, exposed by the defeat of General Banks, makes good its retreat, gingerly passing over the rapids near Alexandria, Louisiana. First tempted to

scuttle his two-million-dollar fleet, Porter embraced a daring plan by an engineer officer who put thousands of men to work felling trees and in 10 days built a dam that raised the waters.



A RAM, the Rebel *Palmetto State* (left) destroys a Northern blockader by burying its prow in the foe's hull and firing its forward gun. Frank Vizetelly, noted artist of the Rebellion, drew this scene.

A SUBMARINE, the South's *Hunley*, only 35 feet in length and 5½ feet tall, awaits action in Charleston (right). Eight men operating hand cranks propelled the clumsy vessel at four miles an hour.

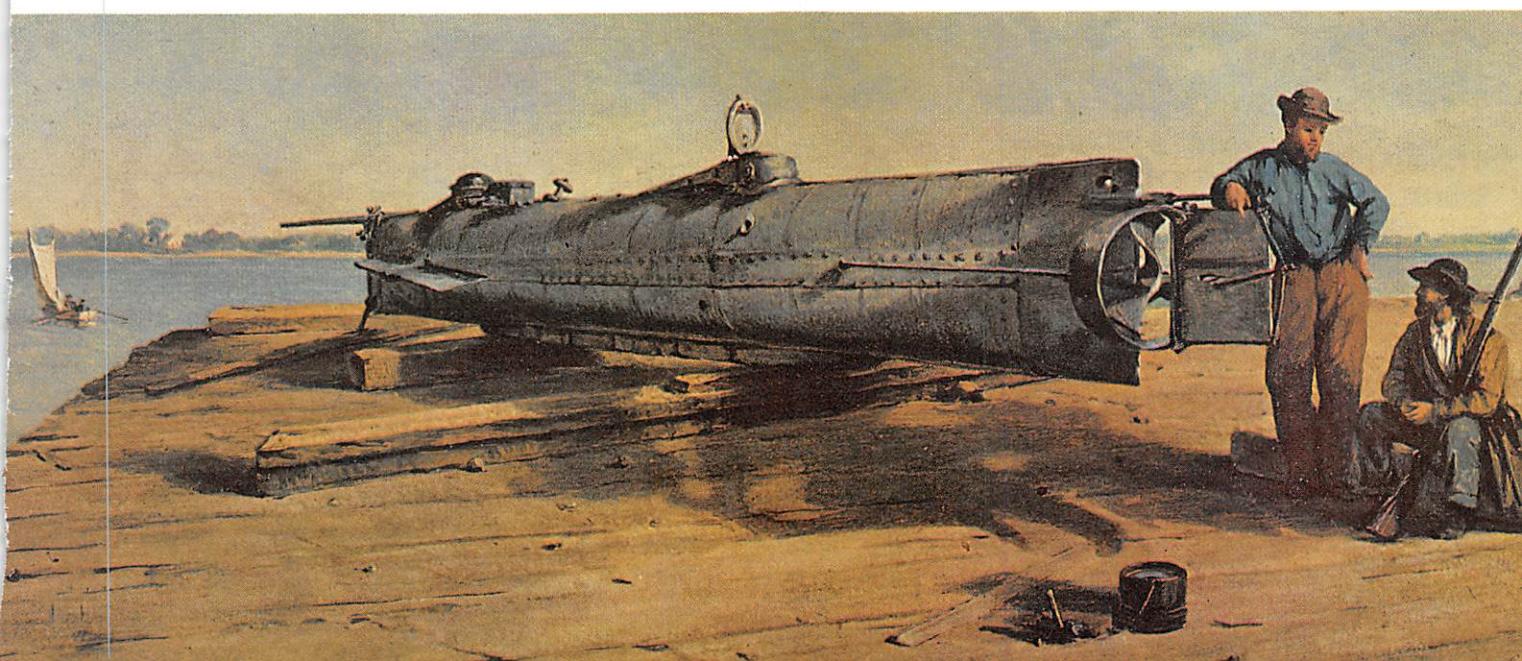


Southerners at sea: valiant feats of the Rebel navy

NOT all the naval successes were scored by the North. Southern sailors displayed ingenuity and courage throughout the war, particularly in contending with the blockade. One of the most successful blockade-runners was Captain Robert B. Pegram, who slipped his *Nashville* through Federal traps time after time. Northerners cried for the dismissal of Navy Secretary Gideon Welles after the *Nashville*, having carried tons of munitions from England to Beaufort, North Carolina, deftly made her way back to sea despite Union efforts to bottle her up. The South also broke the blockade by brute force: on January 31, 1863, the Rebel navy sent two ironclads smashing through the Union line at Charleston.

One of the most spectacular Rebel exploits occurred when a Southern crew scored history's first submarine triumph. Horace L. Hunley, the sub's designer, earlier had perished during trial runs; so had several crews. Nevertheless brave crewmen took her into Charleston Harbor, poked her "torpedo" (a mine attached to the end of a spar) against the sloop *Housatonic*—and then went down with their victim in the explosion that followed.

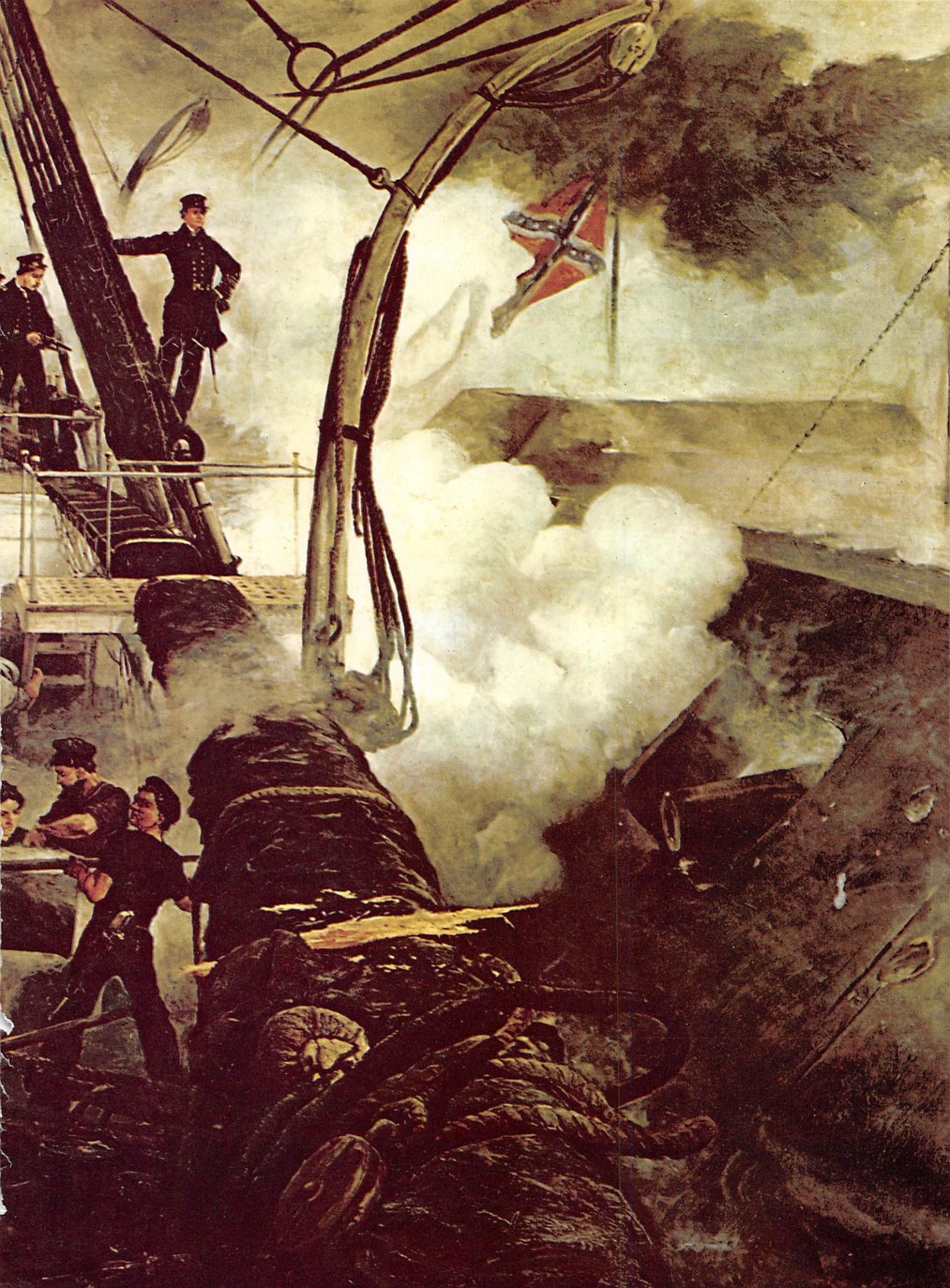
A SIDE-WHEELER, the Confederate *Nashville* (left) sets the Union's *Harvey Birch* afire in the English Channel. The victor later freed the *Birch*'s 32 crewmen in England.



“Damn the torpedoes!” at Mobile Bay

In the final summer of the war, Admiral David G. Farragut led a powerful fleet against the South's last major Gulf port, Mobile, a great center of blockade-running activity. Although 180 mines—called torpedoes—had been sown in the bay, Farragut refused to be intimidated. “Damn the torpedoes!” he cried, and sailed his wooden flagship, the *Hartford*, safely through the mines. Climbing into the rigging, Farragut directed his fleet in the furious action that followed. At close range, the *Hartford* exchanged broadsides with the powerful Rebel ironclad *Tennessee*. The two ships actually brushed in passing, as shown here. But soon the *Tennessee* was the only Confederate ship still in action and at last, badly damaged and out of control, she gave up the unequal fight. Mobile Bay was now in Union hands, and the day of the blockade-runner was virtually past.







3. THE CRITICAL CAMPAIGNS

ALL through the winter months of 1861-1862, the area around Washington resounded to the tramp of marching men. The government had assembled an army of 150,000 troops, at the time the largest military force ever brought together on American soil. Everybody expected that this mighty host would soon capture Richmond. To command it, President Lincoln named a rising young officer considered by many to be the best general on either side: 35-year-old George B. McClellan, whom the press hailed as the "Young Napoleon."

The previous summer McClellan had made a name for himself in the Union-sympathizing mountain counties of western Virginia. A small army under his direction had entered the area from Ohio, defeated a Confederate defending force and prepared the way for an eventual larger occupation. By his successful drive McClellan had deprived the Confederates of a potential base for offensive operations against the Northwest, and by "liberating" the mountain people he had won a significant propaganda victory, both for the Union and for himself.

McClellan was to prove the most puzzling and controversial general of the war. In person and manner, he radiated martial greatness. He was of average height, but he was so stockily built that he appeared shorter than he was. He was so muscular that he could bend a quarter over the end of his thumb with the pressure of his first and second fingers or toss a 200-pound man over his head. Handsome and regular of feature, he seemed, especially when astride

HEROES OF THE CONFEDERACY, Generals Robert E. Lee (*left*) and Stonewall Jackson plan the battle of Chancellorsville, the brilliant victory that cost Jackson his life.

a horse, to be the very embodiment of the qualities that make a general great.

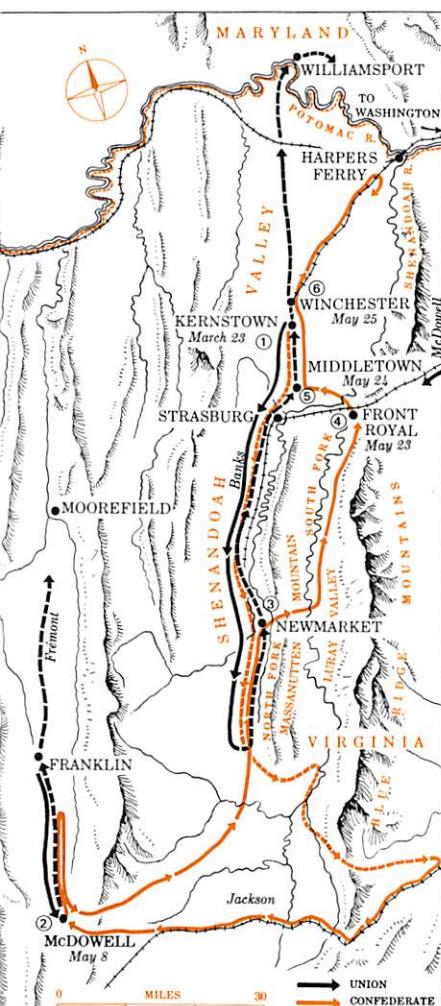
The brilliant promise of McClellan was never fulfilled. His one great merit was that he was a superb trainer of troops. The fine Federal army in the East, the Army of the Potomac, was his creation. But he almost broke up when he had to send into combat the men he had trained. For one thing, he loved them too much to risk them in battle. "Every poor fellow that is killed or wounded almost haunts me," he confided to his wife. His greatest victories, he later boasted, were Manassas and Yorktown, two places he occupied virtually without loss of life—because the Confederates had evacuated them. His worst failing was that he lived in a world of his own making, a world filled with enemies who were forever about to destroy him. Some of them were men in his own government, but the most dangerous was the Confederate army, which he always saw at least twice life-size. During the winter months when it lay at Manassas, for example, it actually had 50,000 men, but McClellan insisted it had 100,000.

THIS inability to grasp reality marked his strategic planning for operations in the spring of 1862. He announced that he had a plan to end the war at one stroke. He would move his army by water to the mouth of the Rappahannock River and up that stream a short distance to Urbana. There, standing between Richmond and Joseph E. Johnston's army at Manassas, he could either destroy the Confederates as they shifted south or occupy their capital. The merits of moving on Richmond by water, as he explained them to Lincoln, were that he would have a shorter land route to traverse and a secure line of communications protected by the navy.

In theory, the plan was excellent, but it ignored all political realities. Lincoln, as the nation's leader, was properly sensitive about the safety of Washington; the proposed movement would uncover the capital to possible attack from the Confederates poised at Manassas. Besides, asked the President, why go down to the Rappahannock in search of a fight when the enemy army was only 30 miles distant? McClellan argued that his move would force Johnston to move to meet him and that victory by his plan was certain. Anyway, he added, he would leave enough men behind him to make Washington safe. He finally won the President's grudging assent. Then the Confederates rudely upset the whole arrangement. Johnston, anticipating some kind of advance by the Federals and deeming Manassas a faulty defensive base, pulled his army back to the Rappahannock. Now the Urbana plan was out.

McClellan always found it hard to give up a plan, even when the situation that called it into being changed before his eyes. Instead of abandoning the plan he altered it: If he could not use the Rappahannock, he would resort to another route. He proposed that his army should be moved by ship to Fort Monroe on the point between the York and James Rivers known as the Peninsula, about 75 miles from the rebel capital. From there he would move his columns toward Richmond. Lincoln agreed to the altered plan, but again with reluctance.

In March, McClellan and his army finally departed Washington. But he did not leave behind as many men to protect the city as he had promised; moreover, instead of explaining the situation to the President in person, he waited until he got on board ship and then sent a note. When the President learned that Washington was inadequately defended, he promptly ordered



THE VALLEY CAMPAIGN:
FIRST PHASE

Stonewall Jackson's Shenandoah Valley Campaign of 1862 (above and on the opposite page) was one of the war's most dazzling exploits. Racing up and down the valley, he harassed a superior adversary and tied up thousands of Union troops needed elsewhere. After one of Banks's divisions gave him his only defeat, at Kernstown (1), the Rebel general headed south and overcame Frémont at McDowell (2). Then, unexpectedly, Jackson veered east at Newmarket (3), took a garrison at Front Royal (4), descended on Banks at Middletown (5) and crushed him at Winchester (6).

McDowell's corps of 30,000, about to embark, to remain south of Washington.

Still, McClellan began his operation with an army that numbered close to 100,000. It was a tremendous feat to move an army of that size the 200 miles to Fort Monroe. The 405 vessels of the Union fleet carried not only the troops but 14,000 horses and mules, over 4,000 wagons, 343 artillery pieces and some 600,000 rations; it was clear that the military services were converting rapidly to the requirements of large-scale war.

McClellan found only 11,000 Gray troops defending Yorktown. They held a strongly fortified line, however, and while McClellan paused before it, Johnston had time to reach the scene from the Rappahannock. Then McClellan decided to resort to the certain and comfortable method of siege to capture Yorktown. The Confederates held him off for a month, then retired up the line of the York.

Both President Davis and his military adviser, General Lee, expected that Johnston would contest closely the Federal advance. To their dismay Johnston announced that his strategy would be to continue to fall back. Then, near the gates of Richmond, when the Federals were far from their base, he would turn and destroy them. It was theoretically a feasible plan, but if it failed some vital territory would have been given up for no purpose.

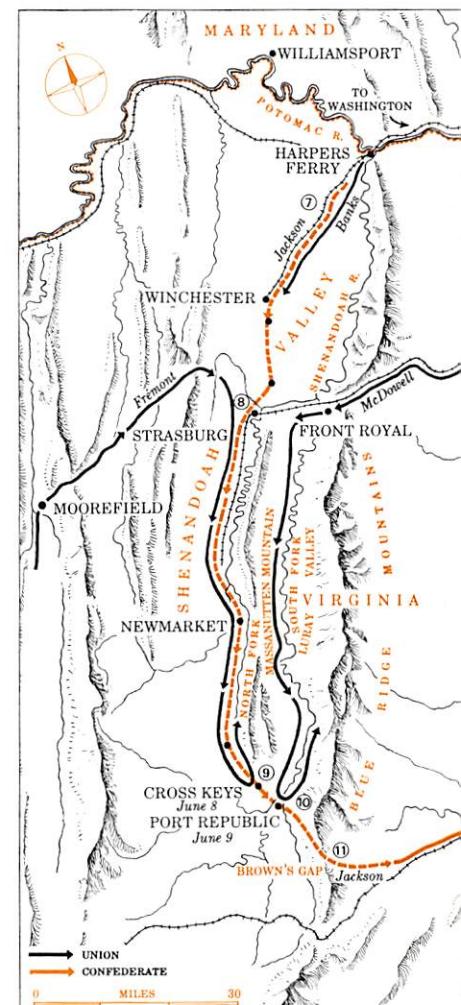
Even against only token opposition, McClellan advanced with caution. Continually he begged Lincoln to order McDowell to join him. Although McDowell was only a two-day march away, McClellan characteristically insisted that he had to come by water, which would require more than a week. The President finally agreed to let McDowell join McClellan, but by land—thus keeping him in position to cover Washington.

The Confederate high command knew of McDowell's projected movement, and with anxious haste devised a plan to keep him near Washington. In the Shenandoah Valley, a convenient route to Washington, there was a small army under Stonewall Jackson, who was making such a reputation for mobility that his troops were becoming known as "Jackson's 'foot cavalry.'" Jackson received reinforcements that brought his strength to 17,000 men and was directed to give the impression that he meant to drive on Washington.

Jackson had his work cut out for him. Approaching the Valley from the west was a Federal column of perhaps 10,000, the vanguard of a larger force under Major General John C. Frémont. Near Winchester there was another army of 20,000 commanded by Major General Nathaniel P. Banks. Jackson performed brilliantly. He first attacked Frémont and pushed him back. Then he struck savagely at Banks and defeated him. Banks fled northward so precipitately that he had to leave behind large quantities of his supplies; hungry Confederates gratefully dubbed him "Commissary" Banks. Jackson followed him right to the Potomac crossings.

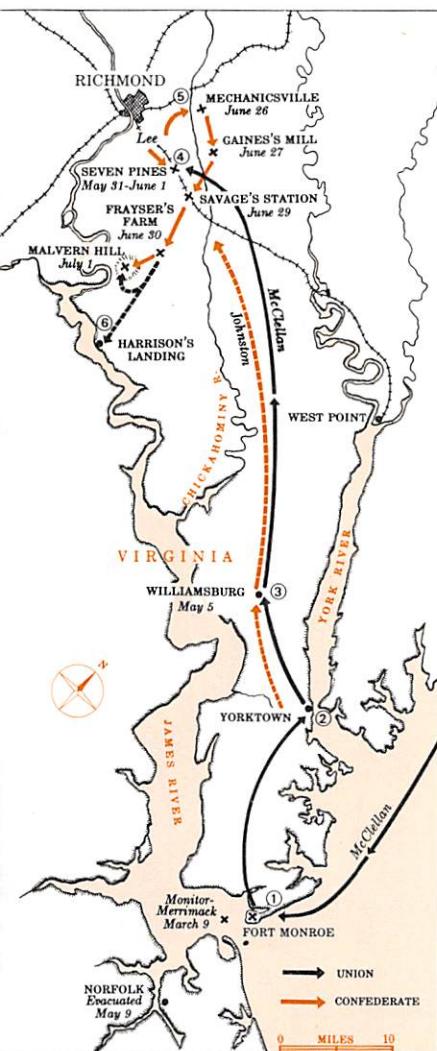
IN official Washington, Jackson's approach excited some apprehension. Lincoln, however, saw in the situation an opportunity to trap the bold raider. He ordered Frémont to return to the Valley, Banks to move southward, and McDowell with his 30,000 men, just about to march to McClellan, to come in from the east. Jackson promptly pulled back. He just escaped the jaws of the trap as they were closing—and in parting paused to deliver sharp blows at the advance units of both Frémont and McDowell.

The Valley Campaign was a spectacular exploit. In two weeks Jackson had



THE VALLEY CAMPAIGN:
SECOND PHASE

The bellicose Jackson, standing at the head of the Shenandoah Valley (7), threatened Washington, 50 miles away. Lincoln prepared a trap. He ordered Frémont to march east, McDowell to move west and Banks to drive Jackson south into the vise. But the wily Rebel outmaneuvered his foes. He slipped between Frémont and McDowell at Strasburg (8)—and then, when they gave chase, defeated Frémont at Cross Keys (9) and McDowell at Port Republic (10). Then he headed triumphantly for Brown's Gap (11) to entrain for the Peninsula and the Seven Days' battles.



UNION FAILURE
ON THE PENINSULA

In March 1862, Federal forces under McClellan arrived by sea at Fort Monroe (1). After besieging Yorktown (2), McClellan followed the withdrawing Johnston toward Richmond; en route they fought inconclusively at Williamsburg (3). On May 31 the Rebels attacked unsuccessfully at Seven Pines (4). Then at Mechanicsville (5), Lee, replacing Johnston, launched the series of blows known as the Seven Days' battles. This effort to destroy McClellan did not succeed, but the Federals reeled back to Harrison's Landing (6), where they finally embarked for Washington, their campaign a failure.

marched 170 miles, routed two armies and held off 60,000 Federals. Outnumbered more than 3 to 1 in total forces, he had so arranged matters that he had fought on every occasion but one with the odds in his favor. Most important of all, he had altered the strategic picture before Richmond. McDowell's corps was so thoroughly exhausted by its hard march that it could not go to join McClellan. The "Young Napoleon" would have to do the job with the force he had.

At Richmond, Johnston finally delivered his heralded blow, striking McClellan's forces at Fair Oaks and Seven Pines. He accomplished nothing and in the fighting was so badly wounded that he had to give up the command. To succeed him Davis named Robert E. Lee. Few realized that the South's greatest soldier was about to make a sensational emergence.

Immediately Lee christened his forces the Army of Northern Virginia. The title was revealing. Lee meant to return the war to northern Virginia, to the frontier of the Confederacy. He was a natural field commander, courageous and combative. He now wished not merely to drive McClellan from before Richmond but to destroy him.

LEE thought he saw in the arrangement of the Federal army an opportunity to accomplish his purpose. Two thirds of McClellan's army lay south of the Chickahominy River, a stream which flowed in front of Richmond to the James, and one corps north of it. Lee learned of this from his dashing cavalry leader, "Jeb" Stuart, who rode completely around the Federal army to secure the information. Stuart also reported that the weak right wing was "in the air," that is, not anchored to any natural obstacle, and thus vulnerable. Now Lee matured his plan. He would swiftly and secretly bring Jackson from the Valley, raising his force to 85,000. He would mass the bulk of his troops, 56,000, opposite the Federal right and attack and chew it up. Then, he believed, the rest of the Blue army would attempt to retreat along the York River to its base, and he could follow and smash it. It was a brilliant plan and also a plan that contained serious dangers. He would have to leave only a small force confronting McClellan's main array south of the Chickahominy. McClellan might even slip past Lee and take Richmond. Lee reasoned that in the excitement McClellan would think only of his safety. The Confederate read his opponent's character perfectly. McClellan reported apprehensively to Washington that he was about to be attacked by an enemy numbering 200,000.

When Lee's plans were complete, he struck. But the battles of the Seven Days, fought between June 26 and July 2, did not go at all as Lee planned. He damaged the detached Federal right wing but could not destroy it. New to the ways of large command and lacking an adequate staff, Lee was unable to control his army. In the first onslaught he succeeded in putting only 14,000 of his 56,000 men into action. Nor did McClellan fall back along the York line. The Federal commander was badly shaken, but this time he reacted with desperate vigor. He pulled his army together and, abandoning his base on the York, retired south to the James, where the navy was to set up a new base for him. Lee followed and thrust savagely, again and again. Each attack failed—McClellan conducted his withdrawal with skill, and Lee still had trouble concentrating his troops. Both armies suffered severe casualties, but Lee's were heavier and more damaging. McClellan had lost 15,000 men; of these, 10,000 were prisoners and would eventually be exchanged. Lee's losses were

20,000, but 11,000 of them would never return—they were killed or died of wounds.

At the end of the Seven Days, McClellan was at Harrison's Landing on the James and on a safe line of water communications. Even now he was only 25 miles from Richmond. But instead of resuming the drive on the Rebel capital, the Federal high command in Washington decided to evacuate the army by sea to northern Virginia and join it to a smaller force already there under Major General John Pope. The combined armies would then move under McClellan's command against Richmond on the overland route. As the Federals prepared to leave the Peninsula, they could not possibly dream that it would be two bloody years before they would again stand this close to Richmond.

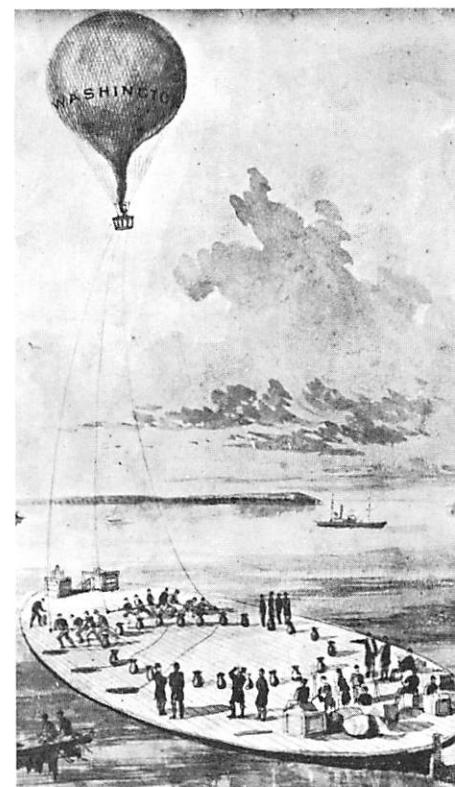
The Southern commander watched the Union moves with fascination. He soon divined that the Federals were pulling back from Richmond. The division of the Federal forces offered him an opportunity too inviting to be ignored. Lee decided to race northward and smash Pope before he could be joined by McClellan. Lee's strategy was, as always, audacious; he left only a small force to watch the remaining Federals. If McClellan should decide to be bold and ignore orders, he could walk into Richmond. Lee trusted correctly that McClellan would not act.

The man who was really in a dangerous situation was John Pope. His army, created by combining the three separate units that had faced Jackson in the Valley, numbered about 45,000 men. They had little confidence in Pope, who had been brought in from the West. He was a man of striking appearance and he liked to fight. But he had McClellan's talent for unreality in reverse—where the Young Napoleon saw dangers that did not exist, Pope did not see those that did. He boasted too much of what he would do to the Confederates, and one of his effusions infuriated his men. He had come from the West, he said, and there he was accustomed to seeing the backs of the enemy. In the East he had heard too much talk about strategy and lines of retreat. "Let us study the probable lines of retreat for our opponents," he urged, "and leave our own to take care of themselves." He was also supposed to have said, although he denied it, that his headquarters would be in the saddle, which caused Confederate wags to quip that his headquarters were where his hindquarters ought to be.

Now, maneuvering below the Rappahannock, Pope suddenly found himself facing stronger opposition. He retired north of the river. At the same time, the Federal high command sensed the danger and spurred McClellan to rush his arriving troops forward to Pope. McClellan complied, but neither he nor his corps generals showed any great sense of urgency about the crisis. There was much ill feeling between McClellan and Pope; some of McClellan's officers, indeed, seemed to consider Pope a far more dangerous enemy than Lee.

While the Federal armies were moving to an uneasy concentration, Lee crossed the Rappahannock to bring Pope to bay. The Confederate commander sent Jackson on a long, fast flanking march to the left that brought him to Pope's rear; Stonewall's soldiers fell with delight on a Union supply dump and enjoyed a day of looting that was talked about in the Army of Northern Virginia for the rest of the war. Lee followed with the rest of the army.

When Pope discovered there was an enemy force behind him, he swung



A pioneer "aircraft carrier" was the Union's "George Washington Parke Custis," which raised an observation balloon to search for Confederate vessels on the Potomac. The South also launched at least one balloon, which General James Longstreet called "a great patchwork ship of many and varied hues"—reputedly made out of the silk dresses of Confederate ladies.

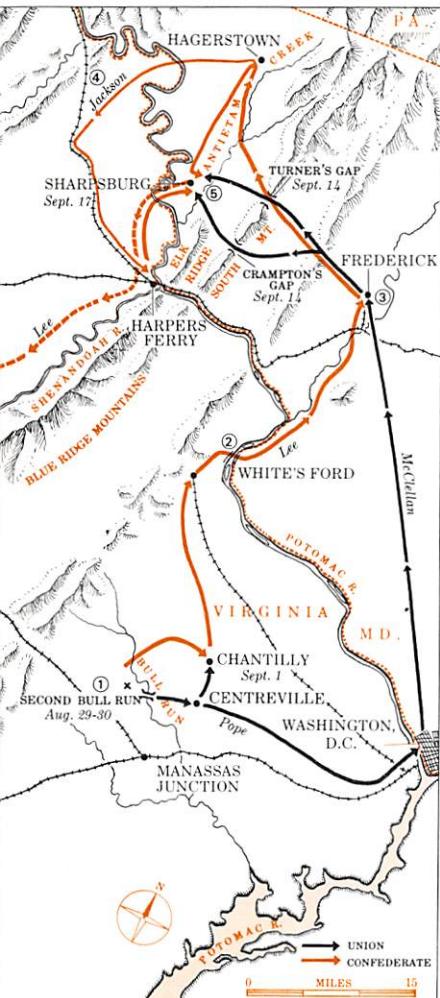
back to find it. He came upon Jackson in the general area of Manassas. Although he knew that a single Gray corps would not be there unless it expected support, he convinced himself that he could destroy it before help arrived. He opened the battle of Second Bull Run, or Second Manassas, on August 29. He had about 80,000 men and a heavy numerical superiority. But while he was wasting his strength in piecemeal attacks, Lee linked up with Jackson, giving the Confederates a force of 55,000. On August 30 Pope continued his assaults. Suddenly Lee threw Longstreet's whole corps forward in a crushing counterattack that swept the Federals from the field. The stunned Blue army reeled back in a withdrawal that soon degenerated into a demoralized retreat. It was not just the Confederate blow that did it—the men had never believed that Pope was competent, and now they knew it and did not want to fight under him any longer.

POPE had to order his forces to retire to the Washington defenses. As the beaten troops stumbled to safety Pope came upon Brigadier General Samuel D. Sturgis, one of McClellan's commanders, still on the road with his troops. "Too late, Sammy, too late," Pope cried reproachfully. Sturgis snarled back: "I always told you that if they gave you rope enough you would hang yourself!" The McClellan clique had not consciously wanted Pope to fail, but it could not be said that they had shown any driving desire for his success. Such dark feuds would have ruined the best army in the world, and the force that finally reached the Washington fortifications was not at the moment an army. It was a shapeless mass of two armies, McClellan's and Pope's, and it needed a leader whom it could trust.

The condition of the army dictated Lincoln's choice. Pope was obviously out; he was relieved and sent west to a minor assignment. Lincoln had decided that McClellan was unfit for field command, and he was indignant at the Young Napoleon's treatment of Pope. But he knew that McClellan was the only man who could reorganize the troops. "If he can't fight himself," the President observed, "he excels in making others ready to fight." So Lincoln named him commander of all the forces in the Washington defenses—but before operations were resumed Lincoln meant to find another general.

Abruptly Lee upset Lincoln's plans. In early September the Confederate army crossed the Potomac and invaded Maryland. Lee wanted to get the war out of Virginia during the harvest season to insure the gathering of vitally needed crops, and he thought that the presence of his army might be the impelling cause that would bring Maryland to secede. He hoped too for a victory that might be followed by an advance into Pennsylvania. Lincoln could not switch commanders at this juncture, and so, with misgivings, he directed McClellan to meet the threat posed by Lee.

As the young general moved across Maryland, he had a rare stroke of luck. A Confederate order found in a field revealed that the Gray army was divided. One part of it under Jackson had gone to gobble up a Federal garrison at Harpers Ferry. McClellan was exultant. He exclaimed: "Here is a paper with which if I cannot whip Bobbie Lee, I will be willing to go home." McClellan pushed forward with what for him was headlong celerity. But his notions of mobility were peculiarly his own. Actually, his advance was fairly deliberate, and when he finally came up with Lee he wasted a whole day in surveying the Confederate line of defense.



A REBEL INVASION
BLOCKED AT ANTIETAM

After Second Bull Run (1) and a skirmish at Chantilly, Lee boldly invaded Maryland, crossing the Potomac at White's Ford (2); the Federals under McClellan followed cautiously. At Frederick (3), McClellan learned Lee had sent Jackson (4) to Harpers Ferry, and he hurried to attack Lee's reduced army. After sharp fighting at Crampton's and Turner's Gaps, the armies met near Sharpsburg (5) in the savage battle of Antietam. A Southern disaster was prevented by the arrival of the forces from Harpers Ferry—but the invasion had failed, and Lee retreated.



A BOLD FLANK ATTACK AT CHANCELLORSVILLE

Facing a superior Northern force under Hooker at Chancellorsville, Lee made one of the most daring moves of the war. He sent Jackson and 28,000 men on a long flanking march (1) around Hooker's right while for hours he boldly confronted the 70,000 Federals with only 14,000 men. Late that day Jackson fell on the Union flank (2). Hooker's men were routed, but Jackson was fatally injured. As darkness fell the Union forces rallied at Hazel Grove (3) and held (broken line). The next day Hooker—though facing a divided, inferior enemy—began to withdraw.

60

Grant's all-out drive on Vicksburg began early in 1863. Gunboats ferried the Union troops to Bruinsburg (3) as Colonel Benjamin Grierson distracted the Rebels with a slashing raid on their rear (4). Grant, in a series of sharp engagements at Raymond, Jackson, Champion's Hill and Big Black River, drove the Confederates into Vicksburg, which he then besieged. The city fell on July 4. Port Hudson surrendered a few days later.

By shifting units from Frec over 80,000. He might well defeated Lee. His corps com fight had gone out of him. 3rd, a Confederate solid sh t and knocked him senseless he ordered a return to the Lee had marked up and destroy the Federal army. Most serious of all, he had had to be amputated. On had pneumonia. "Stonewall" It ba The soldiers loved to tell ton soul to heaven. The angeami find it and came back to g up found the object of his hud to

WHILE Federal efforts lined the Northern armies in the fall of Corinth, Halleck most chief. Before he left, he v'l run Northern military thinki the ci to appear, but careless i wh portant work of guarding fusing northern Mississippi. Bu rear, but was all spit and polis/icks! Chattanooga on the Ten_r. The prepared his offensive. !g wor could advance, his oppo most

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It was one of the great turning points in the West, the conflict was to

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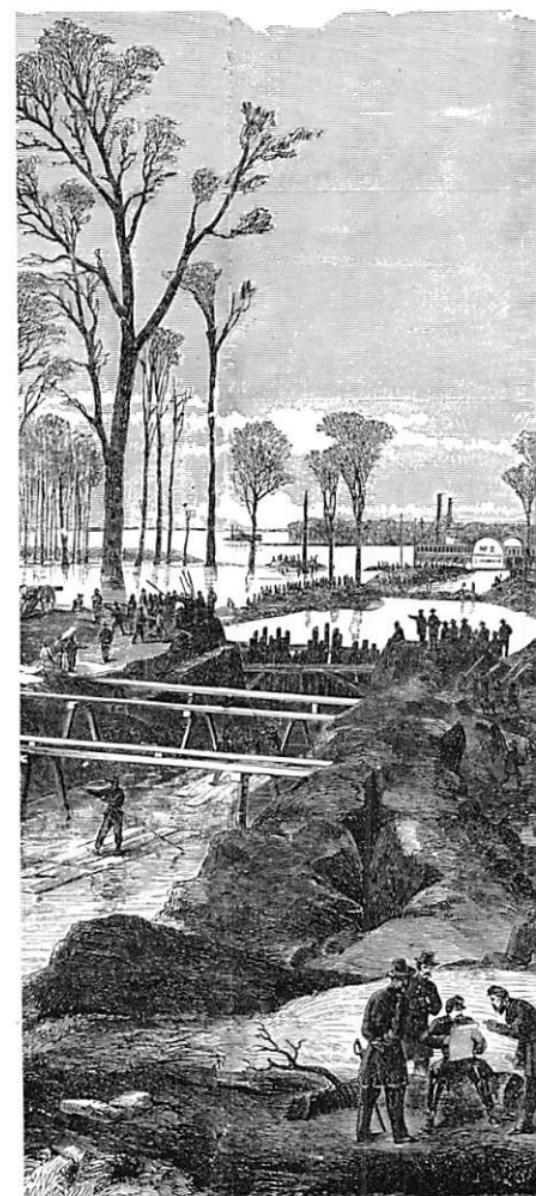
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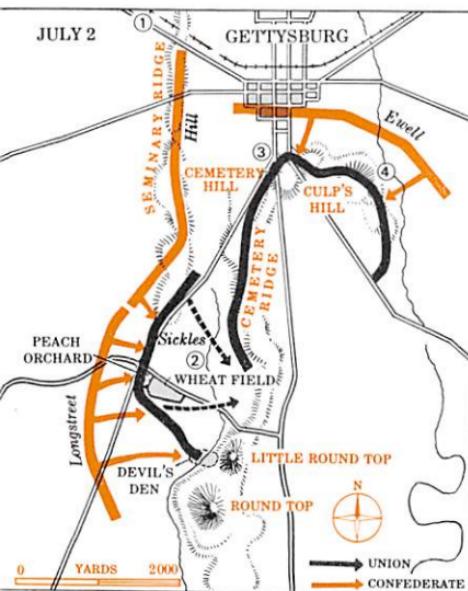
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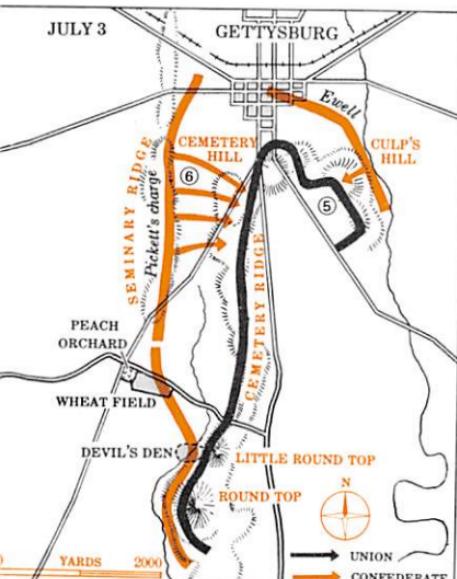


Union soldiers laboriously dug this canal across the river loop at Vicksburg in an effort to enable gunboats to get past the city without coming under fire from its cannon. The attempt was costly—and, as General Grant had anticipated, fruitless. Ironically, some years later the Mississippi, shifting course, bypassed Vicksburg by almost the same route.



THE TURNING POINT
AT GETTYSBURG

On July 1 Meade's Union cavalry encountered one of Lee's divisions northwest of Gettysburg (1); in the resultant fighting the Federals drew back to the hills south of town. Next day Lee launched a series of attacks. Sickles' exposed Union corps (2) was forced back to Cemetery Ridge, where it held; Ewell struck the Union right at Cemetery (3) and Culp's (4) Hills without success. On July 3 (lower map), after another vain assault on Culp's Hill (5), Lee struck his final blow: Pickett's famous charge (6). When it failed, the battle was over; after a day Lee retreated.



he put Hooker's army between July 2. Lee was without his "c

When Lee at last discovered hastily issued orders to pull his s Meade was uniting his marching could. Seeking the best position the little road hub of Gettysburg. I to Gettysburg. The two armies, mu for the greatest battle ever fought

THEY made contact on July 1. C tions. At the end the Confederates taryburg and onto a series of heights strong and in contour resembled a Culp's Hill and Cemetery Hill, and Cemetery Ridge. At the other end of Top, a possible key to the Federal le and opposite the Federal front on

Units of both sides continued to erate camp Lee discussed plans wi them, James Longstreet, argued tha attack. Maneuver the Bluecoats ou elsewhere. Calmly Lee replied tha to disengage, he said, and anyway h attack the Federal left with Longstree made a diversion on the right, at Cu the third corps under A. P. Hill wo

On July 2 Longstreet did not get h afternoon. He did not like this attac he had deliberately dragged his fea that he deployed his corps as quickly his onslaught in the morning, it wo as in the afternoon.

When the attack finally jumped off The Federal corps commander on t ground, had rolled his corps forward had left a gap between him and the punched through Sickles in hard fig Little Round Top. Through a mix-up and it was held by only a few signa war when accident intervenes and Confederates up the rocky slopes bel dense with Union troops, an inviting some Federal units rushed to the hi were ordered to follow. Blue and G promptu, hand-to-hand battle, but a held Little Round Top. And on Sick ground to a stop as darkness fell.

Lee had not cracked the Union li success of Longstreet's assault and H

ance toward Chattanooga and back into east Tennessee. He by July 3 and then paused at Mississippi line and now they effective in the West, the Tennessee

around Vicksburg, the Confederate army was seeking ways to save the most strongly advanced was to hold Lee's army, preferably under Lee's and thus relieve pressure on Vicksburg the ground in the West. He did was the true seat of the war. He added Pennsylvania. A successful offensive can relieve Vicksburg, he argued. It foreign intervention and perhaps even

In June 75,000 Confederates left Fredericksburg and then headed north across the Rappahannock River. Hooker, on the north side of the river, made a strange proposal to Lincoln. What was, he asked, could he not attack Lee's army from the south? Lee's homely but vivid reply. Watch Lee's men at Fredericksburg: "I would not take a river, like an ox jumped half over a river, without a fair chance to

ward, and five days later another battle was fought. This one was fantastic. Now Fighting Lee had reached Richmond. Patiently the President had waited. Lee's army and not Richmond should follow Lee's march on Washington if opportunity offered. "If he stays where he is, we will catch him."

Lincoln had been his opponent. He did not want to let Lee capture him at Chancellorsville. Constantly he had been worried and finally, when some troops he had been sent to reinforce Lee had relieved. Lincoln appointed in his command solid and competent, but not in the same traditional mold.

At a critical moment—really, although he did not know it—Lee's army was ahead of him, with a total army of 90,000, moving on Lincoln's capital, Washington, from the rear. Lee was unaware of the fact that he had selected his cavalry leader, Jeb Stuart, whom he had given Stuart discretion as to where to go. Jeb Stuart, tall, thin, bearded and gay, was a fine horseman. He delighted in spectacular exploits, such as riding his horse so liberally that



Benjamin Grierson seemed an improbable candidate for heroism on horseback. A music teacher from Illinois who had written campaign songs for Lincoln, Grierson was afraid of horses. Assigned a cavalry command, he led a sensational raid behind Rebel lines and wrote his wife in astonishment: "I like Byron have had to wake up in the morning and find myself famous."

A lasting record of a tragic time

IN the conflict of the 1860s, for the first time in history, the face of war was recorded in all its ugliness and grandeur by the sharp eye of the camera. Although a few pictures had been taken during the earlier Mexican and Crimean Wars, photography then was limited in scope and quality. Civil War photographers, on the other hand, captured the brutality of battle with shattering impact (*opposite*), despite the fact that equipment was still unwieldy and the picture-taking process incredibly difficult. The photographer would come careening onto the scene in his lurching wagon, unlimber a camera the size of an orange crate and beg the combatants to freeze in their tracks; then, his picture taken, he would rush into the back of the wagon and develop his glass plates before the images faded forever. The most famous of these harassed cameramen was Mathew B. Brady, a New York photographer who covered the Eastern war from Bull Run to Richmond at his own expense. He hired others to help, and various independents operated in other theaters on their own (*below*). Among them, these pioneer camera reporters produced an unforgettable history of the war, sometimes shocking but always stirring.



A PHOTOGRAPHER AT WORK, Sam Cooley, with a plate, stops on his way through the South with Sherman to take pictures with his cumbersome camera. He developed plates in a wagon.

A SOLDIER IN DEATH, this young Confederate lies in the Virginia mud, a victim of war's irony. He gave his life on April 2, 1865—seven days before Lee surrendered at Appomattox.

precarious lodgment on Culp's Hill. One more heavy blow would do it now, he decided. He announced that on the next day he would attack and break the Union center. To this final, climactic endeavor he assigned some 12,000 to 15,000 troops, under the command of George Pickett, a Virginian whose thick curls fell to his shoulders.

On July 3 the Confederates opened in the afternoon with a tremendous bombardment of Cemetery Ridge. For almost two hours the guns fired, while the Federal artillery pulled back to conserve its ammunition for the attack that all knew was coming. At about 3 o'clock the cannonade ceased. On Seminary Ridge, Pickett went to Longstreet and asked: "General, shall I advance?" Longstreet could not bring himself to give the order. He turned in his saddle and looked away. But Pickett understood. He saluted and said, "I am going to move forward, sir."

As the smoke lifted, the Confederate soldiers emerged from the woods on Seminary Ridge and deployed in line of battle. The Union forces watched spellbound. The distance between the two ridges was less than a mile, and the men in gray stood in clear sight of the Federals, as if on a vast stage. One Federal officer wrote in awe: "More than half a mile their front extends; more than a thousand yards the dull gray masses deploy, man touching man, rank pressing rank, and line supporting line. The red flags wave, their horsemen gallop up and down; the arms . . . gleam in the sun, a sloping forest of flashing steel. Right on they move, as with one soul, in perfect order, without impediment of ditch, or wall or stream, over ridge and slope, through orchard and meadow, and cornfield, magnificent, grim, irresistible."

Right on they moved. But they were not irresistible. They were, rather, a great, gleaming target, and after they had covered 200 yards they moved in a sheet of fire. First the artillery shells tore at their ranks and then the rifle fire struck them. The ordered lines wavered and broke, and some units halted or veered off. Fewer than 5,000 men reached the crest of Cemetery Ridge, and these were sucked into the Federal line as into a pocket. As the stunned fragments streamed back to Seminary Ridge, Lee went from group to group offering words of comfort and cheer. He said sadly over and over: "It's all my fault." Perhaps now he realized that it had been hopeless from the beginning.

THE two armies watched each other on July 4, each unaware that on that day Vicksburg was surrendering, and then Lee began to withdraw toward Virginia. Meade followed cautiously. When Lee reached the shore of the Potomac, high water barred his passage, and Meade caught up. It was a magnificent opportunity to smash the Confederate army, but while the Federal general deliberated whether to seize it, the river fell and Lee crossed. Weeks later Meade came to Washington for a conference, and Lincoln could not resist saying to him: "Do you know, general, what your attitude toward Lee for a week after the battle reminded me of?" Meade answered that he did not. "I'll be hanged," said Lincoln, "if I could think of anything else than an old woman trying to shoo her geese across a creek."

Gettysburg was a lustrous opportunity lost and yet also a great victory. On the slopes of Cemetery Ridge the war had taken another of its decisive turns. The total Federal casualties were almost 20,000, but the Confederate figures ran to 25,000. The North could take such losses; the South could not. The Army of Northern Virginia would never be the same again.



General George G. Meade defeated Lee at Gettysburg, but the battle gave him some tense moments. When the two adversaries, who were old acquaintances, met after the war, Lee asked: "What are you doing with all that gray in your beard?" Meade replied wryly: "You have to answer for most of it."



George Edward Pickett, commander of the historic "Pickett's charge," was pre-occupied with his coiffure, which he wore "trimmed and highly perfumed." When a Maryland lady asked General Lee for a lock of hair, he told her he had none to spare but suggested that she ask Pickett. Pickett was not amused.